into railroad ties which last for forty years. At one mill that we visited they were filling a contract for 200,000 ties to be delivered to the Santa Fe railroad at a dollar a tie. The sandalwood forests have been depleted, but a great many young trees are springing up, and with them and other valuable trees, the islands are now being systematically reforested.

I was struck with the hardihood of the palms that thrive so beautifully in the lowlands, and with the ferns, of which there are one hundred and fifty varieties. They grow very luxuriantly and, apparently, right out of the lava. Some varieties grow so large that their trunks are used for making fences and corduroy roads in the marshes. On our trip to the volcano, described later, we passed through nine miles of ferns. The eruption of the volcano in 1840 covered the whole mountain side to the sea with lava, yet today the whole overflowed district is covered with vegetation, chiefly ferns. Nature takes care of her own. These ferns and the lantana plant like the acacia take deep, wide root, and, in growing, break up the lava rock and hasten its disintegration into soil.

One of the professors of the Planters' Experimental Station, which is maintained by the planters at a cost of $60,000 a year, sought to reclaim one mountain side of lava and planted a lot of lantana. It grew so thickly that a cat could not penetrate it and no plow could be used. Having overdone the job, the professor then secured an insect blight that is fond of the lantana and turned it loose on the mountain. When I saw the lantana patch the leaves had turned white and the roots were dying. Upon inquiry of the guide as to what would prevent the parasite from attacking and destroying other vegetation when the lantana should be consumed, he told me that it would eat nothing but lantana, and in verification of that statement pointed to some volunteer varieties of other plants that were growing green among the lantana bushes. "But," he said, "rather than take any chances with the appetite of the insect, we will, as soon as the lantana is all killed, touch a match to the mountain side and burn up lantana, blight and all." A poor brand of justice to the insect, I thought, but they need more land and fewer pests in Hawaii. The coffee trees of the island, with their precious red cranberry-like pods, which I saw being gathered and dried, were being attacked and destroyed by a parasite. But the planters found a way. They made hoods or sacks of cheese cloth and covered over the coffee plant. They then put in the sack an imported lady bug and tied the sack around the trunk of the tree so the bug could not get out, and in a day or two every parasite was destroyed and the sack removed. So it will be seen that they are up to date in Hawaii and, while nature helps them, they also help themselves. Another example of how old Mother Nature takes care of her own is shown in the kohala tree which grows in the lava and with its spear-like leaves furnishes material for the native hat. As it cannot take deep root in the lava and yet grows tall, nature, to prevent its toppling over with the first high wind, has provided it with roots which extend from the middle of its trunk in all directions to the ground, after the fashion of the braces which the farmer puts on his fence posts in rocky ground. The majestic banyan tree goes even further in this direction. It starts with one trunk, but when its long, heavy limbs begin to grow horizontally, shoots start downward from the limbs, grow into the ground, take root and eventually form other trunks. These trees are thus enabled to attain prodigious size and to cover much ground. At the beautiful home of Mr. Francis M. Hatch, who was Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Provisional Government and later of the Republic of Hawaii, there grows one which has a dozen trunks and shades more than an acre of ground. After a dinner at which Mr. Hatch entertained some of us, we had the pleasure of being regaled with coffee under this tree. Aside from the interest lent to the tree by the historical events that took place thereunder, which grew out of the several bloodless revolutions of the islands, it had a reverential charm for me because it was the banyan tree under which Robert Louis Stevenson wrote some of his masterpices before far-off Samoa claimed his frail body as her own.

Among the more numerous plants of the islands that grow wild, are the breadfruit, cocoanut, banana, yam, taro, ti, sugar cane, pine-apple, mountain apple, vanilla bean, mulberry, guava, orange, lime, mango, hala, hau, mŏo, and kamani. These yielded food to the native and furnished material for cloth, rope, mats and other domestic articles, and the oleagenous kukui (candle-nut) which grew luxuriantly there, furnished for him a lamp to guide his feet at night. Do you marvel that a descendant of this race should be averse to work? With such conditions prevailing in the old days, with fish in plenty on the one hand and bread fruit on the other, and with nature supplying every dreamed-of need, surely, outside the rigors of the tabu, life was one continuous round of pleasure.

The bread fruit, which grows on a tree, resembles our Osage orange and tastes somthing like a beaten biscuit, but is not nearly so good. It was for a long time the Kanaka's staff of life, but it was supplanted by poi, which is the present national dish. The native thinks that if he has a little poi and a little salt, that's plenty. Poi is made from a yam-like plant, very extensively cultivated by the native, called the taro. The baked root of this plant is pounded into a moist paste, thinned down to the consistency of one-, two-, or three-finger poi, and allowed to ferment or "sour" just a little. It is then put into a large calabash and "served." If reasonably thick one can carry a mouthful from the calabash on one finger, if very thin, it takes three. Knives, forks and spoons form no part of the native's household possessions, and none was furnished us at the luau (native feast) that was given in honor of our party by the Mayor of Honolulu, in which 2,000 citizens, natives and others participated. With our fingers we ate poi, fruit, and fish, and many Hawaiian delicacies, and enjoyed the feast immensely. As no finger bowls were furnished after the luau, the ocean, nearby, was well patronized by those of us who had not learned the knack of getting it all off. The dishes were all cooked in true Hawaiian fashion, in a pit in the ground. A lot of stones are heated red-hot and put in the bottom of the pit. The article to be cooked is then wrapped in ti leaves and put on the rocks. More hot rocks are then put on and the whole covered with leaves and earth, and thus steamed and baked for half an hour or so.

Animals.

At the time of Captain Cook's visit in 1779, hogs, dogs, mice and domestic fowls which had probably been brought originally from Samoa in canoes in the early voyages of the natives, were the only animals to be found except a few harmless insects and, of course, numerous birds. In 1793 Vancouver landed cattle, sheep and goats, and horses were brought later. Some of these animals are now found in a half-wild state on parts of the group. Some spotted deer, which were imported from China during Kalakau's reign, have multiplied so prolifically on the island of Maui and are so destructive to plant life that men are paid to kill them. The mongoose, which was imported from Portugal to kill mice and rats in the cane fields, has itself become a nuisance, for it extends its operations to the chicken coops of the people.

Through the indiscriminate introduction of plants from other countries, a number of injurious blights and insects, as herinbefore instanced, have been brought into the Territory. Insect-eating forest birds have been introduced to help overcome this, but the imported Mynah bird destroys the nests and eggs of the other birds, and is probably a greater curse than blessing.

Although St. Patrick is not known to have visited there, there are no snakes on the islands, and so cautious are the people to prevent the arrival of any that on one occasion they refused a circus show permission to land because it had some snakes in a box for exhibition purposes, and the authorities feared they might escape.

The centipede, the barbed scorpion, and the tarantula and the spider which grows to prodigious size have, however, found their way to the islands from elsewhere, probably in cargoes of freight, but, fortunately, on account of the absence of poisonous mineral substances in the earth and the nature of their food and habits they have lost their venom and are no more dangerous than a honey bee.

The real annoyances of the islands are the mosquitos, which are also of foreign importation, according to the native, and so troublesome are they that nets have to be stretched over the beds at night. But by modern exterminating methods and with the aid of the spider, who is the masquito's deadly enemy, the authorities hope to get rid of them. At Hilo, where, on account of inadequate hotel accommodations the members of our party were parcelled out among the good people for entertainment in their homes, the mosquitos were especially obnoxious. Mrs. Elvins and I stayed at a beautiful bungalow by the sea, the home of Miss Ivy Richardson, a half-Hawaiian young lady of wealth and refinement, who had been educated in the East and had travelled extensively, a sweeter and more well-bred woman than whom it has never been my pleasure to meet. I am indebted to her not only for her excellent entertainment and her genuine hospitality, but for many interesting things, including some of the historical and other facts here jotted down, and, last but not least, I am indebted very largely to her for the good opinion I formed of the Hawaiian people, whose virtues, charms and graces were so highly exemplified in her. It was at her house, that, on retiring one night, we saw an enormous black spider inside the mosquito bar. The Japanese house-boy's attention was called to it, and we learned that he had put the spider inside the net for our benefit, but neither of us cherished his presence. Japanese boy said, "Splider kill moskleto, him leave in", but we persuaded him that three in a bed are too many, and the spider was removed.

Industries and Products.

The industries of the islands are almost entirely agricultural. There are no mines of any kind and their geographical isolation prevents any extensive manufacturing industry except for native products. Anything will grow in the islands where water can be had, and there is no more productive soil in the world. They raise one crop after another without regard to seasons. The sugar output includes 95 per cent of the value of the industries of the group, because the return per acre from the yield of cane is greater than that of any other product. There are now on the islands about fifty plantations and several modern mills, which last year had an outpat of over half a million tons of sugar, which sold for an average of $80.00 per ton, and Hawaii is, today, the most advanced sugar-producing country in the world.

Most of the plantations have complete systems of railway tracks which connect the mills with the fields and landings. Where water is plentiful, as on the windward side of Hawaii, the cane is flumed to the mill. When the mountain slope is abrupt, gravity roads and overhead trolley cables are used.

Rice comes next to sugar in the area of production and value. It is grown in the valleys and on the flat lands near the sea, and is an industry almost entirely in the hands of the Chinamen.

Coffee grows well in sheltered parts of the group, yielding a berry equal to the best Java or Mocha, and some tea of a good quality is also raised. Rubber producing is growing to be an important industry, as is also the production of tobacco. The cocoanut is of some importance to commerce, and while hemp and ramie have not been produced very extensively, it is thought that in time they will also add to the value of the islands' output.

Next to sugar and rice in importance, however, are the fruits of the islands, which include many that it would be useless for me to name, but those of the greatest commercial value are pineapples and bananas. There are miles and miles of pineapple ranches and banana plantations in the islands, and I want to say in passing that I never knew how luscious a pineapple is until I plucked one from the patch. It was so sweet, juicy and delicious that I didn't wonder that the canning factories ran day and night. And cocoanuts, you'll never know how good one is until you knock it from the tree yourself.

Bananas, which have for a long time been more or less "tabu" with me, because, when a boy I had been surfeited with them one day in my brother's store when he was away, tasted much better to me when taken from the stalk in the Jap's plantation, than they ever had tasted before. There are several varieties of them,—some so perishable that they will not stand shipping and are therefore, consumed in the islands. These are the most delicious, of course. There is another variety, which looks very much like our river-bottom paw-paw. This kind the islanders bake like a potato, and it is very palatable. The thing that worried me was that the bananas were growing up-side down—that is to say, just the reverse from the way they hang in the grocery store, and when I show to my friends a photograph I have of a growing bunch, they invariably turn the picture upside down.

Hawaiian Women.

I now come to a subject that will interest the voters of the district, namely, the women of Hawaii, whose graces and charms are equal to, and in some respects greater than, those of the women of other nationalities. Most of them are large and in many instances quite fleshy, which is said to be due to the nutritious value of poi. The dress of the modern Hawaiian woman is that of the European and American woman, but the dress of her older sister, which is the national feminine costume, is a sort of mother-hubbard, usually made of white goods. It is a hoary joke on the islands, enjoyed by the natives as well as by visitors, that the first women missionaries who landed at the islands were so shocked upon seeing the native women clad only in little grass skirts, reaching from the waist to the knees, that they threw their night robes overboard to them, and these were donned by the native women, thus forming the national costume which has been handed down to the present day.

A large number of Hawaiian women attended the reception given to the Congressional party by Governor Frear of the islands, for natives and whites fraternize in society there. At this reception the Ex-Queen, Liliuokalani, was a noted guest, and it was interesting to see the Hawaiian women dressed in the costume described, paying their obeisance to her and bowing themselves backwards out of her presence, for you must know that in the olden times it was tabu to turn one's back upon the sovereign. The charm of these costumes was increased by the addition of a lei of yellow feathers on the necks of those who were descendants of chiefs and the leis in imitation of the same, which were worn by women of the different Hawaiian patriotic societies. The lei proper is a wreath or garland of flowers, and a pretty custom which is indulged in in the islands and in no other part of the world that I have ever heard of, is that of the placing of the leis around the necks of visitors on the occasion of their arrival or departure. When our ship landed at Honolulu we were surprised to find ourselves set upon on the deck of the vessel by a bevy of beautiful Hawaiian girls loaded down with these leis, which they placed about our necks in token of their hospitality, and the placing of the lei around the neck was always accomplished by a hearty "Aloha," a Hawaiian word which means "Hello," "God bless you", "Farewell", "Here's luck" and a number of other things, the particular meaning depending upon the occasion on which the word is uttered. The words "aloha nui" mean the same thing, only more of it. At every place that we went on the islands, and we visited them all, this beautiful custom was prevalent, and nearly every night when we went to our rooms we carried with us those sweet-scented garlands expressive of the prodigal and genuine hospitality of a generous race.

The expression of the charm of a Hawaiian woman is shown next best in her musical attainments, for she is a natural songstress, singing the melancholy melodies of her native land to the accompaniment of the little ukilili, the native national instrument, which looks like a toy guitar and has four strings like the violin. To this music also the far-famed dancers of the islands trip their merry feet, and the instrumental music at the dances is always attended with singing, which is joined in by those who dance as well as by those who play. After the luau of Honolulu's genial mayor, we were also treated to the extravaganza of a native Hula Dance, performed by two native girls, who wore the ancient native costume which did not weigh very much. The chief posturings of this dance are illustrated and varied with elaborate art, accompanied with chants, weird songs and the thumping of gourds and calabashes. The hula girls wear a short frock over the loins, and around their ankles are circles of grass, their heads and shoulders being ornamented with leis. The dance starts and, with the bodies erect and shoulders motionless, the girls keep up a constant gesticulation with the arms and hands and a nervous stamping of the feet as the hips are made to rotate about as though they were pivoted to the small of the back and knees. The actions of the dancing girl represent in a way the action or sentiment being chanted by the musician, and the chant is usually of a national import. Thus, if the musician is telling of the wars of the Kamehamehas' the girls go through one motion; if he is depicting a love scene, another motion; but I confess that, being unable to understand the native dialect, I failed to catch from the changing motions of the girls the transition of the chanter from a funeral to a marriage; but the dancers, who, like all others of them, had been taught the dance from infancy, were very artistic, and to the pure, to whom all things are pure, no suggestion of indecency in the dance was carried.

The Hawaiian woman is a good, gentle, patient and charitable housewife, who plies her calling late and early, like her American sister. In many parts of the islands she still pursues the ancient craft of making baskets, weaving mats, beating tapa cloth, stringing beads that grow on a bush and that are called "Job's tears", and kindred feminine arts, but little of needle work. She is relieved of the onerous duty of making bread for the pounding of poi is always done by the men. She is more patriotic than her husband, and even today her reverence for the Ex-Queen is not only genuine but marked. At a reception given to us by Her Majesty at Washington Place, her present home at Honolulu, it was interesting to note in the sacred kiss of the hand and the earnest "Aloha," the deep devotion of the Hawaiian women to their Ex-Queen, who has now grown old and somewhat feeble and who lives alone in her home, divested of her crown and her possessions, her only income being an annual pension given to her by the Hawaiian Territorial Government. This intelligent, interesting and esteemed old lady, who speaks English as fluently as any one and who still maintains a queenly dignity, is the last link between the old and the new regimes, and her passing away will forever blight the hopes of those patriotic Hawaiians who still see in her the possibility of the re-establishment of the monarchy, notable among whom are the chiefesses of the old orders of nobility, who, on ceremonial occasions at the Queen's house, sit about and chant the traditions and genealogies of the royal family.

During our visit to the islands there were many and varied receptions and entertainments given in our honor, all of which were delightful, but this reception of the Queen and the one given us later by the Prince, at which we stood in the receiving line and shook hands with the 3,000 invited guests, will always be landmarks in the memories of all of us.

The Volcano.

Nowhere else in all the world may one stand on the brink of a living volcano and gaze into a lake of molten lava, the waves of which, the while, break in fiery billows at the base of the cliffs on which one stands; or witness the unguessed forces of nature working beneath that awful fluid mass, ever and anon forcing upward to a startling height great fire-fountains, which leap and fall and pulsate as some living thing, hissing, moaning and rumbling all the while. There were those in our party who had visited Vesuvius and other volcanoes, but they said that for sublimity and grandeur, Kilauea eclipsed them all.

To the ancient Hawaiian this awful phenomena but expressed the ire of Pele, the legendary fire-goddess of the volcano, whose wrath was sometimes poured forth in the lava flows that carried death and destruction in their wake.

Kilauea is the largest active volcano in the world and is a great pit in the side of Mauna Loa, a mountain nearly 14,000 feet high. In depth the crater is almost 600 feet below the great lava plain around it, and from which its walls drop in sheer precipices. The circumference of the large crater is nearly eight miles. Near the center of the lava floor of this great hole in the earth is the smaller pit about 1,000 feet in diameter, which is the active part of the volcano, being a lake of fire of more than twenty acres in extent. The fire at this time is about 75 feet below the rim of the pit, so that one may stand at the edge and look down into the seething caldron until the intense heat and the sulphurous fumes drive one back for a breath of fresh, cool air.

A railroad goes to within nine miles of the crater. From there our party was conveyed in stage coaches to the Volcano House, a hotel built right on the brink of the large or outer crater. After refreshments there, we found that there were only horses enough for the ladies, so the men of the party walked.

Just in front of the hotel we descended into the great crater by means of a steep zig-zag bridle path. The floor of this vast pit is covered with black lava hills in gigantic convolutions, fantastic forms and irregular shapes, piled up in endless confusion. The level portion is a desolate perspective of lava broken only by occasional volcanic cones that were once but fiery bubbles, while here and there are great cracks and fissures from which jets of hot steam and sulphuric vapors are constantly rising. Across this great waste lay our path to the surging fire pit, and over that trail we trudged in single file, the glistening, black surface crackling under our feet like a thin ice crust on snow. One of the young laides of the party who had a host of admiring correspondents back home, stopped now and then to scorch in a crack in the lava a post card which she placed in the split end of a long stick. Another diversion was furnished by two native urchins who accompanied us, and gathered for us as souvenirs, along the way, bunches of yellow, thread-like filaments of lava which they called "Pele's hair." A little while before sunset, after a journey of three and a half miles, we reached the final or inner pit, and I shall never forget the first impression made on my mind by the first sight of that bed of livid, liquid fire, for when I looked into it and heard the peculiar sullen or angry roar of the fiery surf, there came to me the same terrible feeling I used when a child to experience, when my elders talked to me of hell. And from the expression I heard on every hand, I am sure that every one in the party instinctively thought of hell.

Entranced and fascinated, we stayed there several hours watching that boiling mass, and as the darkness deepened, the lake grew brighter and its fountains of liquid fire seemed to shoot higher and play livelier for our edification.

At length, after we had been served with some much relished sandwiches and some coffee that had been cooked over a crack in the lava, we started to retrace our steps. At that moment I would have given two kingdoms for a horse. I had never quite appreciated the full meaning of the slang expression "All in" until we arrived at the hotel, footsore and weary, about eleven o'clock at night. But I wouldn't have missed that stupendous spectacle for anything, and before retiring I took one last look across that bleak, barren waste toward the awe-inspiring abyss, and away in the distance I could see, and in my mind's eye I still can see, like a reflector in the star-lit sky, the red, red glow from that awful hole.

Honolulu.

The City of Honolulu (which means "safe harbor"), with its heterogeneous population of 30,000 souls, showing the Orient touching elbows with the Occident, with here and there thrown in glimpses of the savage life that was, is the capital of the Islands. It is likewise the capital of Fairyland, for nothing can be conceived more exquisitely charming than its long avenues of royal palms; its fringes of cocoanut trees; its sweet aromas of luxurious flower banks and flourishing vegetation; its billows of ferns and endless varieties of waving palms; its beautiful boulevards and parks; its unsurpassed setting between mountain scenery at its back and the unbounded sea at its front; its intermittent showers and the fragrance that follows them; its narrow, winding streets that go aimlessly through the town; and its delightful homes and country villas, surrounded by large yards, botanical gardens and tropical trees.

It was indeed a sad party that left this Eden of the Mid-Pacific, while its beautiful maidens on shore sung their last "Aloha oe" (Farewell to thee), and even yet, as I write, I fall into a clearer appreciation of the sentiment so dreamily expressed by Mark Twain many years ago in these beautiful lines:

"No alien land in all the world has any deep, strong charm for me but that one; no other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me sleeping and waking, through more than half a lifetime, as that one has done. Other things leave me, but it abides; other things change, but it remains the same. For me its balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun; the pulsing of its surf beat is in my ear; I can see its garlanded craigs, its leaping cascades, its plumy palms drowsing by the shore; its remote summits floating like islands above the cloud-rack; I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitudes; I can hear the plash of its brooks; in my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago."

POLITTE ELVINS.

"We have ascertained the composer of this old song, but we don't know to whom to attribute the words."

"In that case, just credit the words to Noah Webster."

Mr. Hearst says he is glad he was defeated. That seems to make it unanimous.

Odd Incident of New Year's Eve.

You never can tell what is in a man's heart. On New Year's eve a rollicking party went to a cafe which overlooks the Hudson. They were primed for noise. They created so much of it that their company was not desirable and they were informed politely that the table at which they sat had been engaged previously. They took the hint and got out. As they were leaving they purchased all the flowers they could and hurried their car along the drive until they reached a solitary grave about which so much has been written. They laid the flowers on the grave of "An Amiable Child" and returned to their car. Then they resumed their shouting and made the atmosphere resound with song and shout.—New York Press.

It Pays to Discriminate.

The paper which establishes a high character for its advertisements is the paper which in time wins standing with both readers and advertisers, and is able to secure higher rates than the paper which takes anything and everything. An eastern publication which has made a striking success of its advertising columns has as its rule that "only the good, clean sort of advertising is accepted." "If your goods are the best of their kind and of the right kind," the paper announces, "the ads. will be accepted." And because the paper has established this high standard and has lived up to it, it can truthfully claim that this "is why results are always big in proportion to advertising cost."

An Anti-Ant Building.

Reinforced concrete is the material which will be used almost exclusively in the construction of the new government buildings to be erected by the United States at San Juan, Porto Rico, for use as a postoffice, courthouse and custom house. Wood is to be practically excluded from the structure, the only place about the building where wood will be employed will be in the window sashes on one side of the edifice. The interior doors will be rattan. The reason why wood is being avoided by the government in this case is because there is a small ant indigenous to the island of Porto Rico which eats its way up through wooden chairs, doors and desks and makes them spongy on the inside.—Cement Age.

A Putting Tip from St. Andrews.

A man on his first visit to St. Andrews (Scotland) golf links, was much impressed by the high standard of efficiency which he saw displayed on the greens by those with whom he played. He studied the actions of these heroes to see if he could discover any common feature in their methods. At last he saw light. He observed that they all held the left hand more under the club when putting than they did when driving.

From this he deduced a rule of conduct—"see the finger nails of the left hand when addressed to the ball." For the rest of his stay, and it may be for some time afterward, his own putting improved considerably.

Money-Saving Invention.

A great deal of money is expended every year in the replacing of pipes, castings, radiators, firepots and similar articles which are rendered wholly useless by reason of the development of a soft or spongy spot or by blowholes or sandholes. It is now possible to repair such defects by means of a compound resembling in appearance powdered iron, which is mixed with water and applied like putty at the defective places. It is said to be proof against the action of chemicals and heat and steam pressure, and the claim is made that it metalizes and becomes a part of the metal to which it is applied.

Expresses in England.

The Great Western railway, England, is famous for its express trains. During the season of American travel there are three expresses which run daily from London to Exeter, a distance of 173 2-3 miles, without a stop, in three hours, at an average speed of just 58 miles an hour. A fourth express makes the same run at an average speed of 56 1-3 miles an hour. It is not unusual for the total load back of the tender and expresses to reach 400 tons.

Largest Friction Saws.

The largest friction saws in the world are used in one of Chicago's huge construction plants, says Popular Mechanics. They cut through a ten-inch steel I-beam in 14 seconds. These saws or disks are so made that they generate enough heat at the point of contact literally to melt their way through the metal being cut. The cutting edge of the disks is roughened by simply hacking with a fishtail chisel.

Advertising That Paid.

We have been arguing for a long time that advertising paid. Here a few months ago one of the boys in the office lost a pen, necklace, locket, or it might have been a diamond stud. Anyway, he inserted an ad. in this paper and let it run several times, and here the other day, during the Christmas clearing up, he found it in the office.—Dothan (Ala.) Eagle.

Wealth of Leading Nations.

The estimated total wealth of the United States is nearly twice that of England. According to the latest estimates obtainable the rating is as follows: United States, $116,000,000,000; Great Britain and Ireland, $62,200,000,000; France, $42,800,000,000; Germany, $42,000,000,000; Russia, $35,000,000,000; Austria-Hungary, $20,000,000,000.
